Hudibras Redivivus:

OR, A

Burlesque POEM

ONTHE

TIMES.

PART the Second.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed: And fold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1709. Price Six-pence.

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Precially when Vlant of C

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Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Second.

Thumb'd o'er many factious Reams
Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams,
All stuff'd as full of Low-Church Manners,
As e'er was Salters-Hall with Sinners.
Amongst the rest, the Mob's Prophet-a;
I found oft chang'd to a Poet-a.
No Shame to versifying Brother,
Since one's deriv'd of Old from t'other.
Therefore all Scriblers ought to know it's
No Crime for Prophets to be Poets;

Especially

Especially when Want of Sense Must be supply'd with Impudence. And Malice, Scandal, and ill Nature, Pass with dull Fools for Wit and Satyr. For he whose Brains are not defective, May find in ev'ry tag'd Invective, Hard Words are foften'd by their Chiming And Railing best agrees with Riming : For bare-fac'd Scandal writ in Profe. Too much of th' Author's Malice shows, Thumb'd o'er many factious Reams When the most fulsome of Abuses Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams, Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams, The Name of Poem, or of Satyr, As o'er was Salters-Hall with Singers, and a salter start and salters. And makes most Readers think he writ Not to his Envy shew, but Wit. Poet-ard to brund I No Shame to verfifying Brother,

When I had almost income to the state of the

In

That makes Low Seints, who hates be that the things and and I which might the things and the second The Drift of all contain'd within jed down Day H as had aA Bs Moor-fields Conjurers can fee, magnet neinociteit est shighed And think it Popill, like the Organion mongolith of And think it Popill, like the Organion Whether we're Wise-men, Fools, or Affes, with a small toport Ay th' Lines and Features of our Faces. At last I pitch'd, as Chance would have it, it anished, but Upon a High-Church Book, God fave it, to move it also And that undaunted Hand that gave it and ment as it out to For fure it cannot be a Crime inoiteses I lesingle lie start o'T To pray (altho' it be in Rime) soio V betavele me eval yed T For those that lay before our Evenus and T a stillingue a tad T The Treach'ry of our Knemies of down as yard rieds ob bal If Praying be a Fault, alas! college to shall a guilt www med T That others may become moral ening that others may become moral ening Hypocrites from their loud Est say every of (every) That when we do, they may excuse it guiver ai odi toy For Pray'rs, we know, agree much better tas his semitemos With thriving Profe, than flarwing Metie shun me' salam a W That

That makes Low Saints, who hate all Riming, with Holde of As bad as High-Church Bells, when Chiming Be Moor filde Conjurers can fee nograf nainosilaH ant shifted And think it Popish, like the Organ in mointief to the Art of Phistogram of the Common Ay th' Lines and Festures of our street of days of the Lines and Festures of our street of the Lines and Festures of our street of the Lines and Festures of the Lines and Lines And, breaking thro, his facred Laws all as b'doing I fiel th Tingle in Favour of their Causes slood doubled H s nog I Ket, tho' it is their hum drum Fathion H betmushnu ran't bul For fure it cannot be a Crime, noitasard lashum lla stad or They love an elevated Voice, (emi R ni ed ti oddle) They of That's exquisite at Tone and Noise, sould was tant short to it And do their Pray'rs much louder hollow, to yr donor I and Than we fing Ballads to Apollo, lasis that and griver I had That others may become most ample in an to another ow Hypocrites from their loud Example Herer of (eveiled flors &A) Yet, the' in Praying they furpals us, yests of ew nedw to Sometimes with Satyr, when they cross us, if ow ar your as We make 'em curse old Mount Pornesie, suffer Profes de l'anivers de l'

1sdT

That made the Whigs so crabbed look, and all share one West made the Whigs so crabbed look, and all share one were stated and to not mean in the Nation's Case, which is crace. It was some think, by his Grace. It was a some think, by his Grace. It was a some think, by his Grace. It was a some think by th' River's Side, which are maintained and the Who learns from thence, (if not bely 'd') and the state of the Tide; which the state of the Wooder, since that was a some the Who dares to strive against the Stream, that the stream, and to inform a missed Nation; and of painted the Stream.

Speak Truth, altho' it's out of Fashion.

At first I mus'd upon the Title, we be be be sentially and Then sate me down, and read a little to be sentially took of the Where Mighty Persons did I see that we would be be be be be be be took of the Drawn into strange bad Company, the mean seed by layout I had gallant Ladies, and fine Lords, of the Book of the Boo

Blind Fortane's Wheel, we must allow,

I, eager to be hold the Boolerged wol as wol lluring and were made the Whigs to set blues well as wol lluring and to wiew the Watispitate of party of the Matispitate of the Party of the Matispitate of th

Blind Fortune's Wheel, we must allow,

For fecret Pleasures done the Donor, and ronord property of them fate one down, and ronord property of them fate one down, and ronord property. Of those kind Favours, Wealth and Honour, of those kind Favours, Wealth and Honour of them for them one of them with the property of the companion of the fate one of them to be Glorious. That once disclosed, are constructed on the old frames.

That once disclosed, are constructed on the old frames of the old frames of the old frames of the old frames.

Some, who had true old frames of the old frames of th

Such that oblige us whilst conceal'd, But lose their Merit when reveal'd. is a weather the Therefore, when 'tis a Prince's Pleasure That Flatt'rers shall purloin their Treasure, 'Till they have scrap'd huge Sums together, And climb'd aloft, the Lord knows whither; How should the Crowd expect to know May it Modified Why this Man's High, or t'other Low? Why publick Merit's priz'd fo little, And private P-s fwell big with Title?

How occult Service Favour draws, Is difficult to learn, because The Grace by G-d's Vicegerent's shown, Proves very often like his own: It passes Human Understanding; Who 'njoys it, need not fear offending. For Earthly Kings, like Gods protect, With faving Grace, their own Elect;

waters Pay 1 201 et wais sell sell W

Decretares when his a Prince of Plantain

Set them upright, whene'er they stumble,
In Spite of those that grin and grumble.

I read, was pleas'd, found little Harm in't that well than For Truth has got a fecret Charm in't. What, tho' twas mix'd with fome ill Nature; Without, it would have prov'd no Satyr; Nor could the one have made fuch Pother, Had it not larded been with tother: For he that writes in fuch an Age, When Parties do for Pow'r engage, Ought to chuse one Side for the Right, And then, with all his Wit and Spite, Blacken and vex the Opposite. If his Muse breathes no Gall or Hate, while notice year severy The Fools won't nibble at the Bait: For one Side's never truly pleas'd, and non beat a region of W But when the other's vex'd and teaz'd. Therefore, whoever handles Quill, Must rail, or he'd as good fit still a

No Matter whether false or true,

Take Pattern by D— F—'s Review;

Let it be Scandal, and 'twill do;

For the Low-Church, by that alone,

Gains twenty Owles, to t'other's one.

Scurrility's a useful Trick,

Approv'd by the most Politick.

Fling Dirt enough, and some will stick. forbilir calumnari aliquid har ebil

Scandal's the only Cut-throat Talent

To arm a scribbling Assailant,
And when us'd skilfully and slighly,
Prevails against a Party highly;
And is a sure infernal Knack

To make the brightest Cause look black.

No bridge-fall'n Nose upon a Face,
Can be more plain than is the Case;
For Fools that make the greatest Number,
And are of Human Race, the Lumber,

Are taught to swallow hurtful Lies, find to the work Mote To keep their Faith in Exercise, - 1 - C ve control of That they the better may give Credit, and the sed it to I When Stratagems of State shall need it : dornal Dawn I still no? For could the People grow fo wife, As to reject all Falsities. Scurillity's authorit Trick. And credit no Man's Pen or Mouth, Thomas and Allen and A But what should speak or write the Truth, T-fg-g-Days, within this N-n, Would not be half fo much in Fashion; For all those Deeds that make a Bluster, Set off with fo much artful Lustre, Would in a little Time become and the state of the state Dull as the Fables of Tom Thumbi

The Low-Church, that disdains a Steple,

Must preach new Doctrine to their People:

Yet, should there be allow'd no Teaching,

But Truth, I doubt 'twould spoil their Preaching.

delit dool Gard Cardward out a lory of

Should

would are three from the three from the contract

. Two blold deputt a

Should fuch good Times befal this Land,

That Truth should get the upper Hand;

What would those Low-Church Champions do,

The Observator and Review?

For could their Talent be forsaken,

And they write Truth to save their Bacon,

The wiser Sort would still deceive 'em,

And none but Blockheads, sure, believe 'em;

Because a common Lyar's Mouth

Is even scandalous to Truth;

And Malice, when it's once detected,

Always makes Evidence suspected.

Now to the Bugbear Book again,

That puts the Whigs in so much Pain:

I conn'd o'er all this famous Piece,

That so disturb'd old Calvin's Geese;

And all the Fault they can insist on,

Is, it's too true to make a Jest on.

As for my part, I must confess, and amil' been for him a It is, if I may've Leave to guess, walling bloom down and An honest High-Church Book of Merit, Tho' written with a Low-Church Spirit: That here and there a sharp Reflexion May seem to some, ill-natur'd Fiction. Tho' true beyond all Contradiction. So that to me this Tell-troth Book Does like a High-Church Bishop look. Disguis'd in a Geneva-Cloak: For who, that knew not Truffy's Face. Would judge him honest by his Drefs. Since the worst K-ves that Earth can bear, the first of the Marghest p The very same Apparel wear? However, 'tis no Shame to use A Wespon which our Foes first chuse, Or to return, when once affaulted. That Dirt with which we first were paulted. Therefore our Champion's in the Right on't, To make so bold a Hompush Fight on't ;

And

And to our reftless Foes chastife, and The same With their own Cudgels, all but Lies: Such Ammunition, 'tis agreed on, An honest Cause has seldom Need on; But can with Truth it felf defend, Which always conquers in the End; That makes our L-n, as they call it. Knock down our Foes, like any Mallet: For always, when the Truth appears, The lying Faction hang their Ears, And cannot for their Lives, we fee, Withstand the Force of Verity: But like to Snails, draw in their Horns When naked Truth but grins and turns. So whist'ling Curs, that hate a bigger, At Mastiff's Heels will shew their Vigor ; But when he turns, they dread his Pow'r, And, frighted at his Afpect, fcow'r; Or elfe wag Tail, submit, and fawn, And tarry to be pis'd upon.

Thus W-gs, in Time of Toleration, Bark at the Justice of the Nation: But when th' unbridl'd Laws, with Scorn, population dans One persecuting Look return, and all and all of the dead Curbing their Tongues, they ceafe to grumble, And all subscribe, Your very Humble, at appeared any win doin W

That wakes our I am salar and T

And frighted at his Albert, flow to

Or die weg wal, fileste, and lawn.

group baile od on y and have

Having fpent fo much precious Time In High-Church Profe, and Low-Church Rime, 'Till my Brains almost were confounded Betwixt the Cavalier and Roundhead: and commo back My Fancy spurr'd me to be jogging With hand the Four To th' Flask, the Flaggon, or the Noggin: So I rais'd Bum from Turky-Leather, To strole I did not well know whither; Leaving whole Piles of Whiggish Nonsense, To be directed by my own Sense. Fur when be turns that dreid his Pow'r

HE DON'T SEE I'M

So bally ag Cowards oft, we fee

So

CANTONIL

Had not long, on City Stones, Bestirr'd my Stumps and Marrow-bones, But Robin H-g came grunting by me As fast, as if he strove to fly me. Thought I, here's some high Wind Abroad, That blows, I fear, but little Good. Shall class be stilled The grizly Boar is hunting round, Patience, faid I, new To fee what Windfals may be found. Sure forme Follo will be c He looks as if he ran in hope This Storm would make the Acorns drop. For Schmer Ldem's out o At last I saw him very plain Follow his Nose up Fetter-Lane. Observing that, thinks I, for certain Therefore, be cheerful There's fome Intrigue behind the Curtain, The low renoft Spoke n Manag'd aloft for fome by Ends, And when it does the only To persecute the Church's Friends: For tho' our factious Foes first draw, Yet, when we push, they take the Law.

So bully'ng Cowards oft, we fee, Provoke a generous Enemy, Who, when he takes just Satisfaction, The ill-tongu'd Scoundrel brings his Action.

But Bolin Flores came generally by me I shook my Head. Thought I, 'tis hard The Church can't stand upon her Guard; But those who always meant to harm her, Shall thus be suffer'd to disarm her. The engly Boar is handing Patience, faid I; now R-d is Knighted, Sure some Folks will be clearer fighted ; Ne'er fear but we shall change our Station, For Semper Idem's out of Fashion. At last I saw him very plain I've heard a good old Proverb fay, That e'ery Dog has got his Day: Obferving that, thinks I, for certa Therefore, be cheerful, do not mourn, Cor There's fome Intrigue behind the (The low'rmost Spoke must upwards turn; Manuel alon for fome, by El And when it does the only Skill 'To perfect te lite Charch's Friend Will be to make the Wheel stand still,

Wet, when we pulls, they take the Law.

For the our fallious Foes first draw,

Or else to human Sense 'tis plain,
In Turn, it must go down again:
For Wheels, like Women, change their Ground,
T' obey the Pow'r that works them round,
Only they move by diff'rent Forces;
One's turn'd by Men, the other Horses.

Being much concern'd to see Things go thus,

I stept into a Ninny-Broth House,
In Hopes to better understand

What Low-Church Project was in Hand

To bring that Party to Consussion,
That rescu'd them from Persecution.

Ent'ring, I saw quite round a Table,
An ill-look'd thin-jaw'd, Calves-head, Rabble,
All stigmatiz'd with Looks like Jews,
Each arm'd with half a Sheet of News:
Some sucking Smoak from Indian Fuel,
And others sipping Turky Gruel;

In Nob, the Gazette, or Review.

Sometimes they fmil'd, as if well pleas'd,

Then by and by look'd vex'd and teaz'd,

Alt'ring their fublunary Looks

According as they lik'd their Books.

Some High-Church Brethren, in a Chat,

Concern'd, as I suppose, to spy

The High-Church low, and Low-Church high.

Before them, in great Order, lay

The News authentick for the Day,

Mix'd with some High-Church Vindications.

Against false Whiggish Defamations;

The Mercury, so much abhorr'd

By lofty Whigs, that rule the Board;

And the Rehearsal, whose keen Satyr.

So closely shav'd the Observator;

Since he who takes the other Way,

And when he'd shewn how bald and bare

He was of Sense, instead of Hair,

He left him to his Cuckow Tone,

Laugh'd at by all, and lik'd by none.

'Twixt both the Parties I fate down; Did neither dare to smile or frown, Left one should, by my Looks, discover I was a better Friend to th' other: sbem slbmo on vd bak For if a Man foresees a Squabble and and the same sale Twixt adverse Parties at a Table, wall all wholes come Tho' he's determin'd of one Side some a nine it has the True Policy will bid him hide the product of the stand of the His Conscience, 'till the Battel's try'd: Of How had and how And when it's over, he that's crafty Will chuse the strongest Side for Safety: Before, a Man may be mistaken, 210007 1 11 3 11 4 11 30 11 10 11 And 'ftead of faving, lofe his Bacon : It and line wind all For when vain Hopes and jealous Fears Set Fools together by the Ears, 100 101 h hand on hund 10 And And Justice must be scann'd by Fight, award b'ed many had The Cause that conquers is the Right. Stand of mid fiel all. Then who would shew he was a Lover wo and of mid fiel all. Of either, 'till the Danger's over half has alle yet as began. I since he who takes the other Way,

Comes fafely in at best o'th' Lay. I seitra I oft atod miw To

Did neither date to finile or frown,

And by the Candle made it Hot-weed, basing rested a sew I But one of the Diffenting Crew superscription and a first Began aloud with the Review Last a serial servers tried.

And read it with a Grace becoming to be many the sent of Low-Church Teacher, when he's drumming.

Upon his Cusheon to his Humming, do have the ready back to the Ears of 's Congregation:

For if their Fist a'n't reconcil'd servers tried back to their dull Tone, the Sermon's spoil'd;

For Gesture is the Life and Glory

Of Nonsense preach'd for Oratory;

Like

Like Fidlers, they must keep their Time, and in the land and the land.

As sure as Poets do their Rime.

Tone, Words, and Actions must agree,

Or else they spoil their Harmony.

stroud I vay of noticette and used and All was observ'd with wond'rous Care By our Whig Libel Lecturer: To me, the Prop of all thes F For when he came to th' Author's Letters, From Tackers fent, or their Abettors, As he pretends, wherein they threaten, He shall (as he deserves) be beaten For being fawcy in's Review, To those he never faw or knew. When this forg'd Tale the Zealot read, And facaed Rogues He foam'd at Mouth, and shook his Head, And did a Tone more frightful use, Could we but thus inflat Than those that cry fad bloody News.

Bless me, thought I, sure he that's wise, Can see thro' these transparent Lies. Thele poor thin tiffany Projections, and flow yell and I Contriv'd to heighten our Distractions, and the about as such And gull the Crowd at their Elections: For who, thought he, will give their Votes hood vada alis 10 For Men that threaten to cut Throats, And use such ruffainly Correction thing have do as with To me, the Prop of all their Faction, led Light win va For where he came to the Aust That dares, in Spigte of Truth or Laws, Defend with Lies the good old Caufe, In Hopes the Magazine of Pow'r vehicles, whereand and all May Church and Monarchy devour, (swists) ad an Hand sH That Rebels may furmount the Throne, To those he never faw or ke And pull the Church establish'd down; And facred Rogues in Judgment fit, als The workids month To tread all Order under Feet. Could we but thus inflame the Mob. To bring about this happy Jobb, Then hey for me and Brother Nob. Blefs me, thought I, fure he that's wife Can see thro' these transparent Lies

Theff

The Author of the true-born Satyr

But this will spoil the forg'd Device Of his Epistolary Lies.

How will he prove these fright'ning Letters, From Tackers came, or their Abettors? And not from fome dear zealous Friends, To ferve their painful Prophet's Ends? Or that the fame Hand did not give 'em To th' Penny Post, that did receive 'em? I doubt, should we inspect the Matter.

Would prove the Scribe, or the Dictator.

So the Jilt, courted by a Cully, and aller out along bak

Imploys her felf, or elfe her Bully,

To, with Love Letters, daily woo her

In Great Mens Names directed to her; I all asym maneol off

Which to her Spark the Doxy flows, and I was a whole have

At which he raves, and jealous grows;

And that he may alone fecure at formal woll a of stow yell

The Prize, he proves the kinder to her.

DaoithoggO at bas mind Such!

ASSIST School state the word at the worl

To with Love Letters daily woo bery

Such Stratagems are often us'd,

That easy Fools may be abus'd.

And these strange tacking Letters shown,

They'd surely prove the Prophet's own;

Or else a Pack of Low Church Lies,

Sent from his Friends by his Advice,

To falsely blacken those with Crimes, which are be just i'th' worst of Times, which are be just in Consultation, which are be just in Consultation, which are be just in the same and the same are the same and the same are the same and the same are the same

No fooner was this Libel read, from samuel and which the And gently down before 'em laid, and only along and on doid!

To shew how courteous and respective.

They were to a Low-Church Investive, the samuel and the But a High-Church-man, in Devision,

Faces them, and in Opposition

Reads out Politicus Mercurius.

Excuse me, that the Muses force

The Cart to stand before the Horse,

Because it will be so sometimes

With us that sumble for our Rimes;

Nay, Reason must in Verse give Ground,

Upon a Pinch, to empty Sound,

Or else those Points we shew our Art in,

Must often go untag'd for certain.

In Owle and Bats affine the Light

Those pious Frauds we daily see that the process of the Manag'd thro' that Hypocrify,

Manag'd thro' that Hypocrify,

Occasional Conformity.

The Muses sorice in their Faces, it soldened before the Faces, it soldened before the Places of the Muses for the Malice in their Faces, it soldened before the Faces of the Wild Geese the Manager of the Manage

So Owls and Bats abhor the Light

And for some dim Reflexion, share a grief of the More perfect Glories of the Sun and complete the More by Society of complete the Sun of the More by Society of complete the Sun of the More by Society of the Sun of the More by Society of the Sun of the S

Read it I comphatically nearly nearly nearly and the second of

That all the Saints within the Henting of a good of Saints

Some littlening, and Book of No. I T.

Scenid as much vez'd and discontented, which is or not to your

As if the Church had Greunwenlad Curactor of Deliff Land

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Hudibras Redivious is the Book of Redivious is & Book of Redivious is the Redivious is the

To wrong the easy Fool the more one he read out the back

Part the Third. and ton ball

Been punishing my Corn

But creeping by Wiside OFTs, VA D

Where Sinners flock to fave their Sonds. I met a Pillar of the Chnoits y Stational on the I

Where Knaves and Fools prench Moderation aniqueft flut And with that modifi Cants differ Coner ven ni qu b'qqarW Their Spite, their Venom, and their ties as averg as gnixoo. From whence, each Man of Soute and findent luining goo. I The Cobweb-Vertue is defigned raville driw basH aid b'mobA Only for Faction, to betravitae lo gad a minimum many 1998 The Crowd into a finful way as low as b'nil mobile diw And make them tamely in the Endras men sldmud slod W Give up that Church they should defend berest aid of saw W And when he froke, his Langlinged and all all and bala

Will talk devoutly all thebwhile, id every visco ton aswell

In Hopes the Bubble may believe him Too good a Christian to deceive him; By which fair Means he gains the Pow't O To wrong the easy Fool the more. I had not long in open Street, Been punishing my Corny Feet. But creeping by the Side of Parl's, Where Sinners flock to fave their Souls. I met a Pillar of the Church, is valsomi van won besting Just stepping out of Holy Porch, slood bus seven Nevel W. Wrapp'd up in Rev'rend Gown and Cassock, a tadt daw bak Looking as grave as Father Madors , money nied sing? nied T Long painful Study Age, and Cares M. The somethy mor's The Cobweb-Vertue is desired Haire is at successful Adorn'd his Head with Silver Haire is desired by Kept warm within a Cap of Sattinated of noise a rol vino The Crowd into a finful state as less that mobile the Crowd into a finful state as well as Light the transfer of the control o Whose humble Mein, and awful Facey lemat man't othern but Were to his facred Robes & Grace, verit dornd ornit on avid So he that would affwed eggine Language show he would affwed by the Language show he would be shown in the same show that the same shows the same show the same shows the same show the He was not only Grave, but Goodads the visuovab Alas HeW

A faithful and a vertuous Guide w and beleave willaupe bak
Whose Conscience had for Years been try'd: Caulo off off
One who abhor'd Prevarication of the design of the design
And all the Cant of Moderation; Manual y and to work to the
But was a Christian Shepherd fully,
Who exercis'd his Vertues duly, and to school turing de
Not mod'rate Whiggishly, bat truly.
With equal Gladness did we meet, dans of stand of the
And kindly one another greet, hand of yet book sond leve bare.
When we had ended that old Strain
Of How d'ye do, and do again?
Into Saint Paul's we took a Walk, some T a one as long the if
T' enjoy a little farther Talk:
For what on Earth can be more fweet,
Than for two loving Friends to meet, to not more and and said
Who, e'er they did the Truth discover, organic scrole arould A
Thought themselves Miles from one another?
After we'd talk'd about the Craft And when at any Time we lee
That rais'd the canting Tribe aloft,
Their Words and Actions dilagrees

And equally express'd our Worlder, suchitist a ban luidist A To fee the Church turn d Trangely under an emission slock w At fuch a Time, when her Defender its very b'ronde of w on O Altho' fhe's of the F-le Gentapold to trad all lie bal Does Tooth and Nail fo moby Rand of millian a saw to By th' ancient Glories of the Land and the viores of And with the Church walk Hand in Hand I'W star bom to That Church, for which the fooke to warming lauge drive And ever fince flood by fo firmly ered redtons eno ylbnis bank My Friend in Sorrow flook his Head, behne had aw nedw Then firok'd his Rev'rend Beard, and fard, on sy'h woll 10 Fair Speeches are a Prince's Talent; loot sw alth I mise othe But then, crys he, Quid Verbe valent sadtrat elitif a voice T Tis hard fometimes by Words to find no first no tanw no? The true Intention of the Wind short I gaive owt tof and T Who, e'er they did the Truth diff beff beff only The Meanings of a R Break all Break and any infraring the Meanings of a R And when at any Time we lee wolld about 1918 And when at any Time we lee Their Words and Actions dilagree, I aniton out b'aira mai T

The latter we believe their Choice,
The former but an airy Voice. Took of one of sword of the
Befides, he only is indeed
My Friend, that ferves me in my Need;
But if he then shall suffer me thinks when doing modified
To want, and aid my Enemy on even blues list it was Mercy it fell could have no Plate in the same of t
A bare Acquaintance so unkind,
Fut 'us not Charity, or verue, .bail nath, slol rested bad naM A. To firengthen those that mean to hart you,
I mult contact I would not trill
My Father, was he fo unjust;
Of fuch a vip'rous Congregation, Who aim, thro' Envy; Pride, and riste,
Who aim, thro Envy, Pride, and Hate, That fays one Thing, and does another. To overthrow both Church and State,
To overthrow both Church and State, Court Power of Line Power of Doctor pray faid I
But, Rev'rend Doctor, pray faid I, dried beat and beat
May not a mod'rate Man comply direct seed ow doidy vs.
With the establish'd Church o'th' Nation of introduce bank
And thither go to feek Salvation, rold guillelrevs of broth
Yet be allow'd to vote and flickle was guidant don of
For those that run to Conventicles inavers shed bestern el
Cannot he flew, without Evaform and fried Maingue HA.
That modifh Vertue, Moderation is a men as a said of and

And keep in Charity with those, He knows to be the Church's Foes? Vain as ted remol of T Our Charity, the Guide replies, bashni si vino and selfdes, . My Friend, that ferves me in seimen of want of the seine sw Without which Manly Christian Grace, liant mais and it mat Mercy it felf could have no Place :: You bis bus , tusw off , But 'tis not Charity, or Vertue, of anataining A sad A To strengthen those that mean to hurt you, Limit confels I would not truft Or to advance the Reputation My Father, was he fo unjuft; Of fuch a vip'rous Congregation, Who aim, thro' Envy, Pride, and Hate, the Theo ioM To overthrow both Church and State, anin'T eno avel ten'T And bring that Faith into Didding nofood hear tent gnird bnA By which we hope to rife again; mall star bom a roll wall And confenant to facred Story down d'Alilaste ent diew And thither go to feek Salvation grolD guiflalrays ot of And No, no; fuch canting Moderation stovet 5 volt of 167 Is wicked, bafe Prevarication the Ton of nur and short wolf Cannot be thew, with the local from some to tome? No Church-man can with Safety use it, who I mihor tad I But

But he must lend a helping Hand MA esterademo e'vd shall To facrifice his native Land ales rot full weet bas morfl oo T And bring that Church to Defolation, haid gad, task yell On which depends his own Salvation simility right thub that? Pray, Sir, faid I, what think you then the yaws not need? Of fuch a mod'rate Race of Menald ni vlima I salt evest bad Who entertain the Low-Church Notion, a b whiten son it io Yet use the Church with great Devotion; baulg b min don's But shew in Words, and ev'ry Action work spetty issed out They fide with the differring Faction ? Tud O woll don't more Says he, fuch Men of whom you fpeak Are very Knaves, or very weak brud or amor year out wit The former use the Church, like those is fire and ad by ad T Who do their wicked Minds diffiofe main, band ed liew bak To rob a House, and that they may red in that sexing ed T The Fam'ly with more Eafe betray, data W keew and tud One takes therein a Room or two, ni sneitol bliw shun of And fancies, thro' the the hard sid soon mam-dand the Low-Church-man does his Post, the Low-Church-man does And when he finds a proper Time amilence froigile R To perpetrate his wicked Crime, and Indifference in dull Indifference Made

And keep in Charity with thole, He knows to be the Church's Foes! Vain as tod remol and Our Charity, the Guide replies, beebni si vino ed, abided. We ought to thew to Enemin me in me in the Me wall ot wall or the west with the west of th Without which Manly Christian Grace, lland made and it suff. Mercy it felf could have no Place: You bis bus tusw of But 'tis not Charity, or Vertue, of anathicupa and A A Man had better lofe, than fine To strengthen those that mean to hurt you, I must confess I would not trust Or to advance the Reputation My Father, was he fo unjust; noitagergno avor qiv a daul 10 Who aim, thro' Envy, Pride, and Hate, To overthrow both Church and State, anidT and synt tenT And bring that Faith into Didding and Dod bring Hat gaird bank By which we hope to rife again; mald star bom a ron yall And confenant to lacred Story down d'inidaffe ent dit Aftend to everlasting Glory valvation to the thither go to feek Salvation valle guildens of the After Salvation value of the salvation va No, no; fuch canting Moderation sloves by vote of the Is wicked, base Prevarication the Convention of the state of Cannot be thew, with the local flum snaith and tomes No Church-man can with Safety use it, auto V milborn tail But

Made by's Confederates Affi bank, gniqled a beal flum ed the Made by s To facrifice his native Land ales not led weg bas more out And bring that Church to Defolation, baid, gab, tead yed T On which depends his own Salvation singli V riedt flruh tad T Pray, Sir, faid I, what think you then tw yaws nor ned? Of fuch a mod rate Race of Menald mi ylims I add even bal Who entertain the Low-Church Notion, a b whiten son it io Yet use the Church with great Devotion; baulg buyin doubt But shew in Words, and ev'ry Action word spattl rated old They fide with the differting Faction ? and wol down more Says he, fuch Men of whom you fpeak Are very Knaves, or very weak prudo or emon year out to The former use the Church, like those in that and ad by you'll Who do their wicked Minds diffore many, band ed liew bad To rob a House, and that they may not in tadt extend salT The Fam'ly with more Eafe betray, dataw was well toll One takes therein a Room or two in ni sneito M bliw shun of And fancies, thro' the Low-Church-man does his Per she and order order order. And when he finds a proper Time amil Excellence the short of the state To perpetrate his wicked Crime, and and Ilub ni affino Made

Made by's Confederates Affiftance, anigled a bast flum on toll Too from and pow'rful for Refillance switch and softing of They Beat, Gag, Bind, or Munder that and that parid bit A That durft their Villanies oppose mwo sid abmoust doinward Then run away with all that's good adw I bish rid you? And leave the Family in Blood of do sond star bom a doul do Or if not murder'd, at the Keftrud D-wol adt nietrate odW Wet nie the Church with flathib bas brahald, bruini bruin No better Usage should we find ve bus abrow ni weel bus From fuch Low-Church-men once conjoin delt drive abit ver With factious Numbers to their Mind; not med doubt od avez For the' they come to Church to Pray'r, to seven's view or A They'd be the first that would betray her, att ou remot eff. And will be found, when Danger's night, bathing right of of W The Snakes that in her Bosom lies and but should a dor of But the weak Wretch, that is milled your drive wifere I and To nurse wild Notions in his Head , and a nigration sales and And fancies, thro' the Want of Senfe ment daud we I sait a Religion's chiefest-Excellence record a sound of nerly br Confifts in dull Indifference; amin' bordier aid statespage

Made

And

He freaks the Church man sturf a ed tonnes tis kind bnk To between two Opinions halts named to bus vallered to Or that it is no finful Grime dissid W out figuous nodw ma When Int'rest calls at any Timer Soon out not Isiting out To run wi'th' Hare, or hold wi'th' Hound, and abushood f Since he keeps ftill on Holy Grounds and and red w He understands not, peradventure to lo maw sit vd tad I The Peak 'twixt Church-man and Diffenter: and a world world He knows no Diff rence in the People, and trait ni nioi shaft But what he thinks is caus'd by th' Steeple out of tel O One fide he fancies does approve it, firs word ton eran von T And that the other cannot love it and of even R s eloque His narrow fquinting Reason fees, you not em out of well the No Feuds, but what his Mind agrees, driv vignos I find Arise from Trifles, such as these am gidlinair in ew tad? Therefore he thinks it beff, in Troth driw rise ton b'I ; cli To be indifferent 'twixt both ; o He system blood Isales ad T And is a Friend fo much to either, the Right of his Right as in Man That in his Heart he's truly neither, want don't driw bak

He speaks the Church-man very fair, ad town to it shirts and of of Surplice, and of Common-Prayer provinced out needed of But when amongst the Whigs he enters, infinite on at it tack to the But when amongst the Whigs he enters, infinite on at it tack to the But when amongst the Whigs he enters, infinite on at it tack to the But when and the But has the But has the But has the But has a shift of the But has a the But has a shift of the But has a

And that the other camping Reafon, now own, and the comply with his Demands, and the best own own for my own, nothing Reafon, and the comply with his Demands, and the comply with his Demands, and the comply with his Demands, and comply with his Demands, and comply with his Demands, and comply with his Permands, and comply with his Right of the complete complete

And makes the World, by his Submiffion, to your small on)? Believe their wicked Imposition of the W base work has No other, than a fair Conditions find warm a ried in back But, worthy Sir, faid I, suppose warning has believed Your canting, half-fac'd Christian-Foes Should tell you, they'd comply and join, If you'd fome friv'lous Things refign; And they declare what 'tis they want ; and wind a Would not the Church those Trifles grant ?: Hadl yadt in Says he, those Trifles which you spake on, No Mortal can tell what to make on: oliv of for Hard but How should they, fince we plainly fee in who down to the F Themselves about 'em can't agree ? They only quarrel out of Season, w yorly ranky our list bak. Then study after for a Reason bluow should not eit saily . Like one that's frantick in his Cups, and month and of the Who hits his Friend a Slap o'th' Chops, wo should neld the That offer'd nothing to provoke him, will a year (says a) Nor can he tell for what he struck him the significant the 'oul'! chast in Reality they want, dolow.

The Tame may of the Whige beifaid, blow on sexual book With Pow'r and Wealth they're drunk and mad, in a swelfed And in their Frenzy, huff and threatenist a made and on In hopes, now Faction is to froward, ast find gations mor The peaceful Church, like feeble Coward, Loy list blund? Will fach a tame Compliance thew. smol with smol b now it As give their Cloaks, and Tunicks too: we embob week bal But they shall find, that, Quaker like and on blue to At fecond Blow we dare to firike, wealthis Trible and aved And shall not to vile Hands deliver will have intro M of That Church, of which Great God's the Given blood woll Pray, Sir, faid I, your Heat abate me suode cavistment I And tell me what they would be at ? "so tarrang vino very What 'tis you think would fatisfy em, not reals would need? That in my Thoughts I mayn't belie em ? stand one si A Man of Sense, with half an Eve a broke and and on W (Says he) may eafily defery avorg or guid on b'refto ten'T Thro' all their consciencions Cant, redw rol liet ed mes rold What in Reality they want

Which

	Which is, believe me, in a Word,
	All that the Kingdom can afford :
	Therefore they are aftam'd to own religion strains out said of
	Those Terms their Pride infifts upon;
1	Tho', like true Sots, they'll feem at first
	With a small Draught to quench their Thirle;
	But were they't Barrel-head, you'd find to be described?
	The Dev'l a Drop they'd leave behind doll or of flow
	At first for Trifles they'll be crying bood bus about 100
	Which they will blame no for denying two right shem bal
	But if we think to ftop their Raving thin I enclosed T
	By giving, they'll be always craving and a med setaliq no
	So Miss, when first she's kept by Gully of elbase a blod of
	Begs modeftly, to try his Folly id quit of ansals od ton all
	But if the finds he'll not deny hers one a wol hi agidW To
	His whole Estate shan't satisfy her in much only live it wastr.
	But into Debt the'll even run him, and grand sw sactored's
	And glory when the's thus undone him and a Way well will a will be well a will be well a will be will
	The least of Things, at which they offer and word not
	Were they fupream, they would not fuffer and and to They

They only want fo high to fear, a ni ,em eveiled si deidw That nothing can controul their Powir about said tant HA So that the Saints might rule at length's ere yell erofered T Not by the Scriptures, but by Strength anient amin'T short That Cruelty their Foes might awe vett sto? sur! skil codT-And their own Wills become their Law dguard llam's ditw But were they't Bay val' bat fait fait faword bar they't Must to the Club and Cloak give way and good a l'ved odT Our Lands and Goods be form afunder, softinT rot find tA! And made their own by Right of Plunderd liew year doidW Therefore I must, with Sorrow, fay qoh or shails ow he talk Our Pilates fleer a dang rous Way, Ewis od if vent; gaiving vii To hold a Candle to the Devil and a soft first gadw , siiM og Is not the Means to ftop this Evil; and to the Means to ftop this Evil; For Whigs in Pow'r, are of that Nature, if all abuilt and it and They'll swell like Spunges thrown in Water. staff Joriw ail Therefore we strength'n 'em, whilst we please 'em; The Way to leff'n 'em, is to fouceze en and nanw youlg bat But how, faid I, can we forefee 15 , smill le flas ed T They'd thus unreasonable be know your amongst your sale Methinks

Methinks the Church-men first should try 'em,'
Or else, who knows but they belie 'em?

Crys he, your Folly makes me stare; Such Talk would make a Parson swear. Forbear to blunder out fuch Stuff; I think we've try'd 'em off enough. I of viole of b vedt rad! Did not King Charles the First, to please 'em, Do all that they could ask, to ease em, Yet you find nothing would appeale em suds ad nad rad The more he gave, the worse they us'd him; I all sold went When most kind he, they most abus'd him. Thus all along, his mild Concessions at ad their soir vA land Made them but heighten their Oppressions. He facrific'd his Friends, we fee, To stop their Rage and Tyranny sudo sall of bloow radi god Did more than well became his Station, To shew his peaceful Inclination: Yet when they had obtain'd the most idebit near of flore of

C

That ever Rebels had to boat a duor dossur borsoger stody all

His Femily, from Time to Time

And

Of all the Nation in their Hands past and awond onw sells to The whole three Kingdoms were too mallo Truov , and arro They'd not enough, when they had all slow bluow alla T don't But, like the Gracian, made wry Faces, tuo rebuild of reedro? That they'd no more to pull to Pieces me b'yrt ev'ew shift I So finding there was nothing left and end of the Ring So finding there was nothing left and the Ring of the Ring o To gratify their farther Thefts or An bluo year that lie of Rather than be thus disappointed, bloow guidion buit uoy to Y They stole the Blood of God's Anointed, all savay of orom of T That their rebellious wicked Pridem well and buil from ned W Thus all along, his mild Conobinated ad Higim , anola lla sunt And would you have those Saints once mored and ment shall Be try'd, who've done thefe Things before? I am bodinost and No, that would be like chusing those one agest ment got of For Friends, who were my Father's Foes "les and belle A wife Man, fure, will ne'er agree it is in some tid with o'T To trust to their Fidelity or on barried bad will andw sex By whose repeated treach'rous Crime His Family, from Time to Time,

M. SA

Have

Have been molested and betray's og flum neM boog lie and And more than twice unhappy made in ynalliv door of No, never truft the Villain mores rieds edir I adt blaom to Y That has deceiv'd you once before. _ A rebout redtrict double Look round this facred Place, St. Paul's; View its large Iles, and flately Walls! o asva gaigesw fin W: That lofty Dome, that feems to rife, girly to shell bel of T And join its Marble to the Skies! See what vast Strength, and Beauty too, wenter by I bise Those bold Corinthian Pillars show! munner of your must bluod? With Wonder gaze on ev'ry Part, and some and and and Adorn'd with fo much graceful Art, iwa to breH redio smo Whose Order and Magnificence, and another a follog don bas Does not alone delight the Sense, But moves us to a Reverence! Evel set evore bluow tent roll Would you not tremble, should you fee was been vest indi All this despis'd for Popery ? And that a wild Fanatick Rabble, Led by their spiteful Teachers Babble, -Should make this facred Pile a Stable? bak

Sure all good Men must go distracted has bellelom med evall To fee fuch Villany transacted quadru spiret made soom bal Yet fhould the Tribe their Power improve and that seven on Their Pride may foar to high, that we will be too ! With weeping Eyes, once more may fees sell ograf an very The fad Effects of Whiggish Rage shart fem and The fad Effects of Whiggish Rage shart fem and the state of the fad Effects of Whiggish Rage shart fem and the fad Effe Perform'd upon this facred Stage. and or slought and the Said I, I'd rather that the Murrain discrete sed Should turn my Grannum's Cows to Carion: Or that the Dev'l once more would venture Some other Herd of Swine to enter, dough of drive b'moba. And not possess a factious Breed mentione M bus reby florit Or to fuch Freaks their Rabble lead; the design of the soof For that would prove the Dev'l indeed. So of an abvorn the But, Rev'rend Sir, before we part, sid nort ton now bluow Twould not a little please my Heart, of heligher and MA If you'd a true High-Church-man flow. impartially, that I might know Teacher the leaf The Diff rence 'twixt the High and Low : And. And make it to my Reason plain, noof must and the land. How that Distinction first began.

Says he, the proud differenting Faction,

Malicious even to Diffraction,

Viewing with Spite, fuch Love and Union

Establish'd in the Church-Communion;

That put them past the Hopes of rising,

To their old Pitch of Tyrannizing,

Unless they could by wicked Arts, to god wed to demonstrate

Divide the Body into Parts, with it from savishments worth off

That fome weak Sons might be enfnar'd tar over year sines a

To have compassionate Regard , montal puril of the floor floor

For all Fanaticks, that pretendedigo one ni b'xil of tost or 4

Church-Worship, (wanting to be mended) shift are year and

Their tender Consciences offendedo a stag that shie que all

T' accomplish this ill-boding Evikais selqioning risals gaught!

Hatch'd by th' Affistance of the Devil, Hatear and drive of W

They cry'd aloud for Moderation has read to beefine of bak

Work their Ends by Infinuation by Infinuation of Information of

This fweet ning Term foon took Effect, And rais'd i'th' Church a middle Sect, moitaillid todt woll That trim 'twixt both, and will be fafe proug sil , sil aya? Let who as will command the Staff and of may spoint a.M. Averse to neither any longer, evol don sign diw garwaiv Than just to see which Side's the stronger and mi ballides a So Cowards to no Cause are hearty, and flag ment tog tad T But join the most prevailing Party. The dot of his west of This makes the Whigs do all they're able a blood your alala U. To thew themselves most formidable of our wholl all abivid Because they've Craft enough to known and has wontel ad I Those mod'rate Church-men, still the Low tragmon aved of Are not fo fix'd in one Opinion pretentiated and ni b'xit of ton are But they can flide into an Union gailman) dishew daniel With any Side that gets Dominion 200 months and Judging their Principles the best ambod-Hi sid Mifumons !! Who with the greatest Powir are blest, and do not be dealed And fo, inflead of Fear and Frembling, not broke by wo wall Work their Salvation by Dissembling, vd abrid right strow of

These Measures did the Faction take, To this abfurd Distinction make: And now, to widen the Division, wash as not bridged mand? They feed the Mod'rate with Sedition, And to fet Brother against Brother, White do la brother Reproach one Side, and footh the other animod wo I a doug Flatter the Low-Church to the Skies, and notice bold to be to Blaspheme the High with odious Lies models of Missaid Wal Thus win the Fools, and wound the Wife of soon and lie to He that stands firm to fave the Church, want and to your And fcorns to leave her in the Lurch, do a non and and add Must be a facobite, at least slood about modified and misid'T A monft'rous, strange, Ephefian Bealt A Popish Perkenite, a Traytor and the warmen when a will A Fee to th' Crown, a French Abetter par bont stone there of Nay, worse by half than I can speak him, Were he as bad as they would make him, and so wall sold asold But the Low-Church man, whose Compassion disast double Is stretch'd fo far by Moderation woods bluow ad monwald w

That he would rather Church and Crown and send of the Should be depress'd, and trampl'd down, mill brids aid of Than his kind tender Heart should fee it more of won but The Nation's Senate difagree and the work both and best year T' Occasional Conformity, without things redooted tall of but Such a Low Christian is befriended it bas shid one research And for Mod'ration much commended : and O wo. I sit rettel! His Whiggish Neighbours cry. Alas! daw da H da smedchaid For all he goes to High-Church Mass, as aloo I and nice and T Were you to hear him talk, you'd find man abasil tada all The Man has got a Christian Mind. and sweet of amount but This in the Neighbourhood's spoke aloud, without sod flow The Fool of their Applause is proud: Thus hears by fome, what others fay, So grows more mod'rate ev'ry Days and a new or I'd to sell A The Leacher, who the Fair pursues, and the district was the same of the same o Does the same subtle Measures use; we want as and an ord and we Much Praise behind her Back he scatters will woll add and With whom he would accomplish Matters.

This makes her proud, and kind to th' Sinner, The first that found such Graces in her: When his groß Flatt'ries feek her Ruin, no is bold ovel voll? And only tend to her Undoing. In the said bon and too mid But fince thou do'ft defire to know has swal ai svil your The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low out fel to ils diw I'll tell thee with impartial Care, Thereads O T What diffinct Characters they bear 32 la toll and street ned T That whilst you can in Mem'ry keep do mone of svol vod T Their Marks, you'll know the Wolves from Sheep The High-Church first shall take their Places, I went went o'T Because they wear most honest Faces, an aqualia amonod year The Church above the World they honour, and and and And fix their Happiness upon her praisups a not son one bull The Artick and Ant'artick Poles daried ble about o'T Are not more fleddy than their Souls a som er vent trodi al Int'rest nor Fear will make 'em waver, wom bus lightief grold Or from the Truth their Conscience sever is a shool short mad'T

No base Rewards, tho' ne'er so great, of and the ho b'als hold

Or Threats of a corrupted State,

Will make their Lips their Faith deny, hand and and string the F Or their Tongues give their Hearts the Lie wol sand fril They love Mod'ration with their Souls, it is I slong sid ned W But not the mod'rate Cant of Fools all rad'c. hast who bak They live in Love and Charity of rales at ob ports some sulls With all, at lest those that do agree and txiwi comes Till and T' Occasional Conformity. Their Hearts are Loyal to the Throne posts do for this ted W They love the Queen that fits thereon it as nov flisher tant? And dare do all that Men can do wood Huov salaM ried I To shew they're to ther intireft true of this double of T They honour Bishops as they should flom new well slussed For being pious, learn'd, and good & and swods doud of T And are not for a canting Crew room alongque with at bal To model God's old Church anew Abits ta A bas shift A salT In fhort, they're more devout and juft it waball short son and More faithful, and more fir for Truffem live med you first int Than those loose Saints; whom now we fee about sait mort 10. Poffes'd of all, but Honesty, of the off antique of the

The Low-Church are Prevaricators, Proud of the Name of Moderators: By fubtle Arts made factions Tools. In short, they're the Dissenters Fools, Defign'd in some more wicked Times To bear the Slander of their Crimes. That when they find proper a Season T' attempt some Massacre or Treason, The cunning Saints may shift the Shame, And cast upon the Church the Blame Recause the Low-Church Moderators Were all along their kind Abertors, wording most med ison Like Moths, that round a Candle fly, viol from med exeld tore Wife, more W They either can't, won't copy a guilli agand the eligibility The Danger that's before their Eve: But court those Flames they should avoid, And footh their Ruin, 'till deftroy'd, flagmal and asily sail' Tell 'em, the Church declines in Glory, as a list don year add They cry, they hope 'tis all a Story. Thus make you think they would not have her Hurt, yet will nothing do to fave her. They must comply with Toleration, Their Hearts quite melt with Moderation Yet have not Patience to be taught The fad Calamities they've brought Upon the Land, or to be shewn What Mischief to the Church they've done. 'Tis true, they use Church-Worship duly, Yet think a Meeting full as Holy:

Lawn Sleeves and Surplice they approve, fruit woll at T The Common-Pray'r they like and loves to small salt to brion? By subtle Arts made factions went trul adt est ton liw to T By fiding with a factious Crew and mill and or well a troff of In short, these Men of Moderation; we aron enol ni b'aghed These Low-Church Whigs, so much in Fashion, and rand o'T Are true to nothing, in my Senfe, noque built whit nedw tall' Except to dull Indifference or Trest expension I lub ot square But like a Lump of War or Clayed vant stains gainans ad I Can take Impression any Ways of doud of doqu fles bulk Lord clear their muddy Intellects, M. dorud Wo. I ad aluesed Recal them from pernicious Sects & baid ried gnote He ereW Make them more Holy, and more Steady or that selfold soli.I More Wife, more Willing, and more Ready, read radio vad T To guard the establish'd Church o'th' Nation, and regard of T In whom they feek their own Salvation; as I stody most ma That when the Tempest shall arise, till sind theor bad She may not fall a Sacrifice in collines in the Church declines in collines in the Church declines in collines in the Church declines in To Wolves crept into Sheeps Difguife: smod went , wo ye

Thats make you think they wo 20 20 82

Hurt, yet will nothing do to fave her. They must comply with Teleration,

Their Hearis quite Zelt Tith Mode Tica

The fad Calamities they've brought

Upon the Land, or to be thewn

What Mifchief to the Church they've done.

Tis true, they as Christie worthly duly, Yet think a Meeting full as Holy:

